# GEN. B. F. BUTLER AT HOME.

A PICTURE OF HIS CURIOUS HOUSE AT LOWELL AND HIS DAILY LIFE.

A Theatre Under his Roof Built for his Theatre Under his Roof Built for his Actress Wife - A Museum of Pictures, Skins, Paintings, Busis, and Curios - A Milianaire Lowyer's Domestic Surroundings - A Disciple of Brother Joseph - Inking Coffee from Washinston's Urn-Courting Storms to his Staveh Yacht America-Waiting for Time to Set All Things Even.

The home of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler is upon the crest of a wooded hill at the eige of the city of Lowell, Mass. It resembles an English country house, and the neighbors call It Belvedere, but Gen. Butler has never adopted the name. Visitors may drive through his grounds unmolesied. A hospitable gateway stands open day and night at both ends of the place, and the carriage way which winds up the hill passes the long, low, two-story house, the conservatory, the blue-grass grapery, and the stable, and then leads down through a mass of shade trees to the city street again. Twentyfive years ago Gen. Butter purchased the place from Mr. Lawrence, one of the family that started the manufactures of Lewell, and gave the name to the village of Lawrence, down the river. There was but one tree originally on the bill, and that was a pine which is now standing. The elms, the pear trees, the firs, the cork eims, and the apple trees have all grown up under Jen. Butler's care. His house is old-fashioned and most hospitable in appearance. There is some architectural suggestion in front in its bay windows and its Corinthian entrance, but elsewhere there seems to be but one prevailing srehitectural idea, and that to give comfort to its occupants. A big Newfoundland dog comes bounding down the roadway, barking at the approach of a carriage and at the sight of two gentlemen on foot. He recognizes the latter as steady Sunday afternoon visitors to his master, and he wags his tail and trots back. The Gensrai's colored man-servant, Peter, who comes to the door, says that Gen. Butler is at home, and there is scarcely time to decide whether the enrance is that of a museum or a private resifence before a bulky form appears at a side foor, enwrapped in a purple velvet dressing gown, corded at the waist. There is no trouble in recognizing the bald head, the massive brow, the enigmatical eyes, and the strong outline as that of Benjamin F. Butler. At a single grasp of the hand the vision of a brusque and savage leader of men vanishes, and there appears instead the most hospitable of generous gentlemen, giving an unaffected welcome. Gen. Butler has a friend in the library to whom he returns for a moment, and then he steps into the ball arm-in-arm with a tall, lithe, active Southerner, with long coal-black hair. Less than twenty years ago Gen. Roger A. Prvor was looking for Gen. Butler to get 125,000 for his head; now they stood arm-inarm, laughing like the monks in the picture. Gen. Butler presented his ex-rebel guest to his neighbors, both officers of some of Lowell's great corporations. Gen. Pryor had been summoned to Lowell for consultation about the inmoned to Lewell for consultation about the in-tricate litigation of the Sprague estate with Gen. Butler, who is the senior counsel, and while the quondam enemies were burling local maxims and Latin phrases at each other in-stead of shot and shell, as they discussed their next step in the courts, there was time to lock about the singular interior. A big buffalo head hangs at the end of the hall, and a deer's head, ricily mounted, presents its antiers for the visitors' hals. The floor is of hard wood, and is covered with the skins of wolves, polar bears,

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protuberances upon each lid for some minutes, which have the look of tiny horns. His hair has grown thinner in the last five years, and the savage dark monstache which marked his face at New Octeans is now almost uray. His hands and feet are uncommonly small for a man of his size, and the circle of his body is uncommonly hirge. He is 62 years old, but is in the most robust health. He has the faculty of eaching maps of sleep in the cars between Lowell and Beston, in addition to his sound sie-ep at night, and he appears fresh and vigorous at all hours of the day.

Gen, Butler's house is large and roomy, and it is furnished throughout first of all with an eye to comfort. His own bedroom overlooks the descending slope of the hill leading own to the Merrimae River, which washes the edge of his property. The Merrimae Falls foam in sight, and the clear water of the river which flows in a smooth, glassy stream between the woosied hills beyond mirrors the stars at night, and the verdure overhanging its banks by day.

wooded hills beyond mirrors the stars at hight, and the vertime overhanding its banks by day. The murnur of the waters rushing over the recks nightly fulls the listener to sleep. Gen. Butler has an abounding love for poetry, and levren is his favorite poet. Nearing his home after a busy day in Boston, the greeting given by his water dog and the voice of the failing waters often prompts him to repeat:

"Its sweet to hear the water hog's hourst bark. By deep mouthest we come as we draw near home. The sweet is hear the water has an eye will mak. Our coming and hos brighter when we come. The water to be awakered by the lark. Or tolked be failing water, weet the hum Of bees, the vence of girls, ne wing of hinds. The list of children and their earliest words.

Soultrels and birds find an asylum in the

more to light this theory, and he made it sometimes rather difficult for them to answer him times rather difficult for them to answer him to the carring that for them to answer him to the carring or talking and retires about midnight. He is up again at 6 o clock, losking as fresh as a school by and ready for any amount of hard work of which he seems never yet to have had too much. He makes a toor of his grounds, looks at the beautiful beds of foliage plants bordered with sweet alyssum, wateres the coloring of the hydranges from buff to blue by the charcoal he mixed with the eartin about them, takes a look for his squirrels, and then waiks into breakfast. His table has a mass of flowers in its centre, fresh from his conservation; the carring that the reaches in the dining room which is a fine specimen of antique Fermise carring. Thirty years ago Mrs. Built up. The collect urn used by George Washing ton-affectionately termed. Their is a conservation and the dining room which is a fine specimen of antique Fermise eraying. Its outline is a mass of mermands, griffins, leaves, and frists, and although now 250 years old, it promises to last forever. Upon one shelf is a coffee set tainted with the pictures of Gen. But the specimen of antique Fermise eraying. Its outline is a mass of mermands griffins, leaves, and frists, and although now 250 years old, its fire this institute evaluation for the surface was not a minute of the work and the specimen of antique Fermise eraying. Its outline is a mass of mermands griffins, leaves, and frists, and although now 250 years old, its fire to be made against him. The road he has travible from epicture of any lawyer and manufacturer, with the breakfast over, Peter hands has no not of his big the distance of the surface of the work and he specimen of antique Fermise eraying. Its fire the manufacturer, with the breakfast over, Peter hands has no not of his big breakfast over, Peter hands has a guest of the work and the specimen of antique Fermise eray series of any lawyer outside fro

America. He never charges a cent for obtaining a pension, and pays all the incidental fees. His subordinates know that they would be instantly discharged if he discovered that they had ever charged a pensioner a fee. He often takes a trip to Washington purposely to hurry

had ever charged a pensioner a fee. He often takes a trip to Washington purposely to hurry up some poor widow's nension.

Any story of outrage, especially any story of legal wrong, quickly moves Gen. Butler, and he has been known to put aside a millionaire's business to start the machinery of his office to work upon a poor widow's case. The more introat- and difficult the case, the better he seems to rolish it. His intellectual disposition runs toward the most ingenious legal methods. His mind, fully equipped with all legal weapons, races over every companying roll legal weapons, races over every companying for roll legaling to probable victory and then finds enjoyment in seeking out the most extraordinary path, and it he same result can be reached by that course, Gen. Butler will take it with the greatest delight, His methods are chiefly incenious, and one of the best instincts illustrative of this fact was when he attached the water wheel of a mill in Lowell and brought by opponents to terms. He revols in surprises in litigation and in untying the hard knots into which the courts sometimes get cases. He says that he pever gets a case unless it is difficult.

tying the hard knots into which the courts sometimes get cases. He says that he never gets a case unless it is deficult.

THE YACHT AMSRICA.

Gen. Rutler's holby is his yacht America. She lies now in Boston harbor, with a crew amourd, and some day soon, when the belien take a cab, drive at tuil tilt for her wharf, and start for some place beyond the reach of telegrams. When belook his Southern trip in his yacht for some place beyond the reach of telegrams. When belook his Southern trip in his yacht from Fortress Monree last spring, he wanted before going to see until he could get a good northwest storm. When Gen. Haz not the Weather Bureau, in response to bis telegrams, seat him word that a neethwest wind was coming, and that it was probably strong enough to suit him. Gen. Butler crowded on all the sail he could, settled himself in the cockpit, planted himself in the cockpit, planted himself in the cockpit, planted his arms akimbe, and audachously faced the storm. The America stimmed the waves with such speed that Gen. Butler declared that he would tet sail into some European port with her, and astonish the timil yachtsmen. He pulls away all care at the end of his interrips when he treats the deck of the America, cars four needs a day has a game of penny ante with his guests at high, and is up early the next day looking out for a storm. If there could be found a sea of perpetual storms, Gen. Butler would probably make for fit. There are enough neuronal stories told of his adventures assent of his assumer book of fun. It is said that his yacht never yet carried enough sail for him and that he has not yet met astorm that has every disturbed him. Sometimes his sturdy old Captain [Mr. Reach, who is assisted him face of the Captain, the Gen. Butler to take his "—— old yacht," and run it as he pleased, when in face of the Captain, the Gen. Butler to take his "—— old yacht," and run it as he pleased, when in face of the Captain, the Gen. Butler of wanted to crow and the prudence of the Captain, the Gen. Butler of some segments have their homes in averg elm near risk anger quicker than their destruction, are also anger quicker than their destruction, and are also the segment of the segme

## ADVENTURES IN COLORADO. OLD BUNTERS SHOWING WHERE TO

Thrent-Electrical Storms-Uncle Tom Cryder's Fall-A Reckies Boy-Stronge Balt for Trout-Information for Fishermen.

JACK's CABIN, Gunnison County, Col., Aug.

21.-In spite of prevailing rain storms, the New

point for hunters a few days ago, determined on

exploring the neighboring ravines and moun-

FIND GAME.

H. A. Gildersleeve of the American rifle team, Col. E. Harrison Sanford, prize winner at a thousand yards; young Harry Buck, Seward Cary, and William Inman. Five experienced Colorado sportsmen accompanied the tenderfeet, including Dr. N. Jennings, who has hunted
with the Utes and is looked upon by the
savages as a great medicine man; Uncle Tom
Cryder, who said that "three bar, three elk, and
one deer" was a poor showing for a singlehanded hunt of a day and a haif; Ben Sherwood, who has had more narrow escapes and
carries more scars than any other man in Colorado; Logan Inman, who is a faithful pard to
Uncle Tom Cryder; and lively Jack Blewett,
who had inst sold a hole in Sheep Mointain,
said to contain a true vein of sliver, for \$15,000.

Jack's Cabin nestles on a mountain slope
about sixteen miles north of Gunnison City.
From it you enter the vast game preserves of
Gunnison County, formetly the stamping
ground of the Utes, Gunnison County is barse
enough for a State. It is in the western tier of
Colorado, between Summit on the north and
Ouray on the south, It is one hundred and ten
miles long and eighty wide. More mountain
peaks from up here than in any other part of
the world. Green Lake, at an altitude of over
10,000 loct, is the highest large body of water
on the globe. In ponds 2,000 feet above Green Colorado sportsmen accompanied the tenderfeet, including Dr. N. Jennings, who has hunted on the globe. In pends 2,000 feet above Green this region may be traced the sources from Tumichi, Uncompaligre, Anthracite, Cochetopa, ing the footsteps of the hunter, prospector, and miner, adventurous and restless plonders ing settlements on and between the mountains,

named Irwin, Ruby Camp, Crostel Butte, Gathic, Hillerton, Pitkin, Virginia City, Red Cliff, and Scolleid, From Gunnison City, the county sent, waron roads and trails lead out to those places in the shape of a fan. Beyond is Red Mountain trail, and paths made by wild beasts from lofty crags to feeding and drinking places. AFTER GAME.

gacious animal tossed him over his head and refused to be caught until he had given the roung man a lesson in mountain work on foot. On one occasion Seward worked his way to a sharp ridge in high gies. When he came to descend he found everything giving way under his feet. Deliberately scaling himself on a stone as large as a chopping bowle stid down a hundred feet or more to a level place, bring-an avaianche of loose rock with him and cutting several of his fingers. Harry Buck, though more caught under his torse by a fail. He held the animal's head until released uninjured.

Jack Blewett left so elastic after the sale of his mine that he kept in advance of Uncle Toin Cryder's party, driving off the game before Judge Gildersieeve and the other sharpshooters had a chance for a shot on the first day.

The hunters went him camp beyond Snow Mass City. The whole party turned in with wet olothes, after a game supper, and slept soundly without injury. In the morning they discovered four welverines peering at their tent within a short distance. Before guns could be brought to bear upon them the wolverines turned tail and skippel for the Eck Mountains.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

vated rock the robust eitherman sat a long time, panting and perspiring, waiting variety for assistance. The only living creature in the vast solitudes besides burself appeared to be his patient breache. Looking down the ravine, he saw that the detris became more compact and rugged the further becould see. Glancing up the guily he perceived that the tops of the trees all pointed that way, and that they became thinner in the distance. By strentous exertion he succeeded in getting his borse out of the trap, and rejoined his companions hours afterward, when they were beginning to grow anxious over him.

they were beginning to grow anxious over him.

TROUT FISHING.

There are more or less front in nearly all the streams of western Colorado, but the men on the two lines of raironds now being pushed through the canons and wilds are fast depopulating them with giant powder. The rain made the streams too muddy for successful flaning during most of the time the sportsmen were in the mountains. At one ranch, where means were furnished to travellers and hunters in the vienity of Castle Mourtain, a fresh and delicious supply of trout could always be obtained on an order given a lew hours in alvance. And this, too, while expert fishermon were wilpping the streams with all sorts of enticing flies.

On inquiring as to who caught the fish, the writer was directed to the landiady's son, a bright little fellow of about 13. The first call was for a look at his tackle. He produced it in the shape of a pole about nine feet long, cut from the woods. His inte was of linen, with a small sized porgic hook neatty fastened with black sitk.

"My boy, what do you use for bait?"

small sized porgio nook 2.

"My boy, what do you use for bait?"

"Trout flies, sir."

"Where do you get them?"

In the creek."

"You don't mean to say that you find flies in the water?"

Yes, sir; under the stones."

"Have you one you can show me?"

"Yes, sir; under the stones."

"Have you one you can show me?"

"Yes, here's one," said the boy, taking a dark tube an inch long and about as thick as a state pencil from his vist pocket.

Observing that the tube had a hole at one end, I rolled it in the palm of my hand, when a black insect with lively logs and motions crawled nearly out of his case.

"We smash the shell," said the boy, "and put the "Ily on the hook through the back. When the fly gets in the water the trout goes for it."

for it."

This insect is the natural bait for Colorado trout. Some flat stones in the streams have as many as thirty of these shors alliering to their under sides.

W. Y.

Running with the Machine Again as in the

"Mr. Beers, Mr. Woolsey-Mr. Woolsey, Mr. Beers. Both members of 47 Hose in '50." With this formal introduction in Dry Dock Hall on Tuesday evening, two men with hair springled with gray and neatly trimmed gray

'I remember your name, but not your face," Mr. Woolsey remarked, "No wonder," the introducer said, "You haven't seen each other in thirty years."

Hose Company No. 47 in the days of the Volunteer Fire Department was composed of mechanics who were summoned to work in the shipvards on the cast side by the old mechanics' bell that was raised in a new tower at the foot of East Fourth etreet last spring, and the company was better known as Mechanics' Hose, About a dozen of the former members of the company were scated around a beer table in the

front part of the hall after the two old firemen entered. Conspicuous among them were John Oning, who was foreman at the breaking up of

STORIES OF CAPSIZING.

Exciting Sailing in the Cat-rieged Bonto o the Great South Bay.

They were sitting on a cat-rigged boat seround on the mud in a creek that forms the eastern boundary of what was formerly known as Aquacuck, on the Great South Bay. Skipper Goodman was picking at the fag end of the sheet, his elbows resting on his knees. Farmer Raynor was whittling to a fine point a bit of chip. Two bystanders were interested listeners to tales of capsining in the bay. Skipper Goodman is on the water all summer. Farmer Raynor crosses the bay to the meadows on the

Great South Beach only occasionally.
"It's more comfortable not to upset," Farmer Raynor remarked; "but sometimes you can't help it. I remember one day when I was coming from Rechaboneck. It was blowing a gale of wind from about the point it does to-day, southwest. I had plenty of reefs in, but I didn't care about being upset. As I said before, it's more comfortable not to. All of a sudden a squall struck me, and over I went. I was a mere boy at the time, and I remember that my shoes that I had just bought at the store. It wasn't long before I was on her bottom taking breath. I got hold of an oar and found I was in shallow water; so I dropped off again and began to right her. And would you believe it? The wind somehow got under the sail that was flat on the water, and lifted her over completely, kerwhack. It nearly carried me underneath righted hor, and bailed her out. I don't mind the danger of being upset, but it ain't comfort-

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That the excessive heat is deterioring the quality of the inner yet community on the Lorenzedam before continuation than use far that amples such parts and the growing large been feared by the bearing on the continuation than use far that amples such that apples where the growing is a super where was reasonable to the city an appear where was reasonable to the city and appear where the growing and the continuation of the continuation of the city and appear where the continuation of the continuation of the city and appear where the continuation of the city of the c

## DEMOLISHING FLOOD ROCK. THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK AND THE ANTICIPATED RESULTS.

The Labyrinth of Galleries-Five Acres of

Reck Entirely Undermined After the 13.
plosion in the Reef at Hallett's Point Out of the many galleries that converge at a great contral shaft in Flood Rock come ominous sounds that, as they rise to the upper sir, mingle and combine in an uncensing rose There are the measured clank of pumping machinery, the dull rumble of heavily laden cars the wild and angry clatter of air drills, orea, sional loud explosions, echoing and receiving in the corridors and chambers far below, the creak and rattle of hoisting machines, the crie of men, and the plash of footfalls in the water, Now and then great iron buckets, flied with broken rock, rise to the surface, touch a "tring and, with a dull roar, pour their contents dong a steeply inclined chute into a scow. The vis itor, taking one of those buckets on its return trip into the black abyss yawning below, it quickly lowered to the level of the many galleries which open out on every side score men are constantly blasting away the solid rock. The general effect is very novel one to a stranger, but its details are quickly comprehended, and soon become monetones and the sheet over completive, kereshook, it mostly care as which her. But after a while for the most control for righted bear, and the left for the most control for rights the research with the most control for the rights of the worst time I were had. Skipper Goodman resourced, we are a found to fair. I had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been on a point with the women the right had been deep the ri monotonous. One speedily learns chough when standing in water, being dripped upon by water from above, tearing his throat out in efforts to ask questions audibly, and getting a cramp in his arm from holding a hand to his ear to

for removing the rock have set of some charges from time to time, storply to star up the mass of shattered material which is active to become impacted by the force of the current. The current there is, of churse, far more direct than it ever was before, because this long rock before, to jecting 300 feet into the water from the maneland, exercised a rowerful influence to charging the currents and make it very difficult of vessels to round. Now that this is cut away everything is clear, and there are not any of the old dangerous currents, and no new ones have been formed likely to carry vessels on other perflows points. The work as far as it has some this been successful, and will be complete by the demolition of Flood Rock."

### Capt. Payne's Big Find. From the Kannas City Tomas.

## FASHION NOIRS. Mahorany coloris revived. But shills are in vector scale.

Excess variety of baseque is worse. There are now move to a in baseq ex-Ombie gouls romain in bigh favor. Morre business are the first course of tashner.
We eaks pointed back and from will be miner wire.
Baspers and skirts need in the or the same material. Some of the handsomest obsymble are discount of the Much withslad account of various another will be of the Ladies' cloth is revived for traveling and this of Etching with indebth lok on lines is the latest for None but slender women of good stature can wear mo-Actions effects in word and and form a centure in his Northered cheriots are among the newcline of the

Sharang programme in the late of the state o